

Dedicated To the  
PILOTS <sup>OF THE</sup> UNITED STATES —

# THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

MUSIC BY  
ALBERTA STOLL

WORDS BY

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PUBLISHERS

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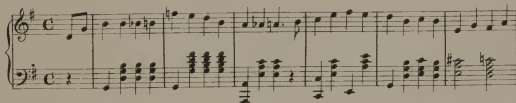


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## Introduction.



## Slow.

I was seat.ed in the cab.in of a boat one storm.y  
 The rain poured down in tor.rents and the foamy waves ran  
 Next morning when the sun a.rose and ev'.ry thing looked

night The pas.sen.gers all had gone to bed Ex-  
 high The big boat like a cra.dle was rocked The  
 bright There nest.led on my breast a golden head I

cept a lit - tle mai - den who was sit - ting by my side And looking in my  
lit - tle one sat thinking of her fa - ther ve - ry dear Who in the pi - lot  
brushed the tangled curls a - side and kissed the pret - ty face Just as the child a -

face she sweetly said, "Have you a - ny children a lit - tle girl like me. Per -  
house was safe - ly locked. What is that! the lightning flashed and struck a fa - tal blow The  
woke and sweetly said "Did papa come along with us did he kiss me good - night!" And

haps you have in some home far a - way And do you think as much of her as  
big boat now is sinking ve - ry fast He clasped the child up in his arms and  
looking up and down the stream she spied The big boat now all a wreck the pi -

pa - pa does of me Who in the pi - lot house has to stay!"  
kissed its pret - ty face And jumped in - to the life boat safe at last  
lot house ve - ry plain And her father at the wheel where he died

## WALTZ CHORUS.

The fa - ther of the child at his post lone - ly

stood.... Think - ing of his lit - tle one she is so

fair..... While the lit - tle child knelt by my side and sweetly

said "Does God watch o'er the pi - lot house up there!.."

